THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

HAUNTED HORROR™

DOCTOR ODD
SPECIAL GUEST HOST

#29

DEAD RIGHT
STEVE DITKO

THE BODY MAKER
WARREN KREMER

VEIN OF IRONY
BOB FORGIONE

...AND MORE!

Special Guest Host

DOCTOR ODD

aka David O'Dell

GREETINGS, MY IMPATIENT PATIENTS! DOCTOR ODD HERE, WITH A SELECTION OF HORRID HORROR TALES THAT ARE JUST THE PRESCRIPTION TO GET YOU UP OFF YOUR SLAB AND BACK TO YOUR ABNORMAL SELF IN NO TIME. SO, SETTLE BACK IN YOUR UNEASY CHAIR, WRAP YOURSELF IN YOUR FAVORITE SHROUD, GRAB YOURSELF A NICE BEAKER OF YOUR FAVORITE FORMULA, AND ENJOY!

Doctor Odd illustration by
Len Danovich
danovichdesigns.com

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Guest editor: Dave O'Dell.
Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.
Contributing Editors: Tillmann Courth, and Mike Howlett.

Yoe Comics thanks Giovanna Anzaldi, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. Haunted Horror logo by Art Fuentes.

On the cover, *Adventures Into Darkness #7*, December 1952. Artist: Jack Katz. Standard.

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WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE HORRIBLY IN LOVE WITH YOUR HUSBAND AND HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT YOU'RE AROUND? THAT WAS DIANE FORD'S PROBLEM... SHE WAS CRAZY ABOUT FRANK BUT HE SEEMED TO HAVE LOST ALL INTEREST IN HER! HE PAID MORE ATTENTION TO THE FOOD THAT HE ATE THAN HE DID TO HIS WIFE! SO DIANE DID WHAT ANY GIRL WOULD DO... SHE SOUGHT HER...

MOTHER'S ADVICE

EATS

THE JURY

MORTELLARO

DIANE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. AFTER ALL, SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL...

...WITH PLENTY TO OFFER...

...WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH FRANK? DIANE WASN'T JUST ANOTHER GIRL... WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS LOVE?

Weird Mysteries #8, October – November 1953. Art: Tony Mortellaro. Publisher: Gilmour Magazines.

WHAT... WHAT'S THE MATTER? I LOVE YOU SO MUCH AND... AND YOU DON'T SEEM TO CARE! DON'T YOU LOVE ME?

SURE I DO, BABY... MUNCH... STOP BOTHERING ME!

BUT IF YOU STILL LOVE ME WHY DON'T YOU PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME!

ER, EXCUSE ME, HONEY! I GOTTA GO GET ANOTHER SANDWICH! I'M STILL HUNGRY! NEXT TIME BRING A BIGGER LUNCH, WILL YOU?

SEE WHAT I MEAN! SHE TALKS ABOUT LOVE AND WHAT DOES THE LUG DO... GET A SALAMI SANDWICH! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE DIANE? WELL, SHE DID THE SAME THING... CALLED HER MOTHER!

...SOB...SOB...BUT HE NEVER PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME ANY MORE... AND I LOVE HIM SO MUCH! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? HE'S MORE INTERESTED IN EATING THAN HE IS IN ME!

HMM, AS SERIOUS AS THAT, EH? JUST GIVE HIM ***THE TREATMENT*** ALL OVER AGAIN... LIKE YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE SINGLE! GET HIM TO TAKE YOU TO A NIGHT-CLUB... AND YOU KNOW THE DRESS TO WEAR!

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT... OH, MY DARLING, IT HAS TO WORK.. IT JUST HAS TO! YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE ME THE WAY YOU ONCE DID!

SO DIANE TOOK HER MOTHER'S ADVICE AND THE STAGE WAS SET... LET'S SEE HOW MAMA'S ADVICE TURNED OUT!

CLUB

FRANK! THAT MAN... HE'S...HE'S MAKING A PASS AT ME!

WHA...WHAT'S THE MATTER! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY...JUST FORGET ABOUT HIM AND EAT YOUR DINNER! IT'S DELICIOUS!

NOW I KNOW YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY MORE! WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED YOU WOULD HAVE BEATEN THAT MAN TO A PULP...NOW...NOW YOU JUST GO RIGHT ON EATING! FRANK, TAKE ME HOME!

BUT...BUT...OH, ALL RIGHT... JUST LET ME FINISH THIS DESSERT! IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

NO, MAMA'S ADVICE DIDN'T WORK, DID IT? WELL, BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME! THERE MUST BE A WAY TO BRING BACK FRANK'S LOVE... THERE HAD TO BE!

...AND THE OPPORTUNITY FOR FRANK TO PROVE HIS LOVE CAME VERY QUICKLY! FOR A FEW DAYS LATER WAS THEIR ANNIVERSARY...

...WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING HIM SO LATE? IT'S OUR ANNIVERSARY! I KNOW, I BET HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF A SURPRISE FOR ME! SURE, THAT'S IT! THAT MUST BE HIM NOW!

RING! RING!

YOU FORGOT IT WAS OUR ANNIVERSARY! OH NO! AND YOU CAN'T COME HOME... YOU HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT WITH YOUR PARTNER... AT A NEW RESTAURANT! OH, FRANK, HOW COULD YOU!

AND SO ONCE AGAIN DIANE TURNED TO THE ONLY PERSON SHE THOUGHT COULD GET HER HUSBAND'S LOVE BACK... HER MOTHER!

...BUT I CAN'T LEAVE HIM...I LOVE HIM TOO MUCH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG! ALL HE THINKS ABOUT IS FOOD!

FOOD, EH? I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! IF THIS DOESN'T BRING HIM BACK NOTHING WILL!

...I'LL PREPARE HIM A MEAL FIT FOR A KING! OF COURSE WE'LL TELL HIM YOU COOKED IT, BUT HE WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

OH MOTHER, DO YOU THINK IT'LL WORK... ***BUT IT HAS TO! IT HAS TO!***

ONCE AGAIN THE STAGE WAS SET! MAMA KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS, AND THIS TIME SHE WAS GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT NOTHING WENT WRONG...SHE WAS THERE TO SERVE THE MEAL JUST IN CASE ...

DIANE WANTS THIS TO BE PERFECT, FRANK... SO I SAID I'D SERVE FOR HER ...AFTER ALL, SHE'S SO TIRED FROM COOKING ALL DAY!

SURE SMELLS DELICIOUS! GOSH, HONEY... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD COOK LIKE THIS!

WELL...IT'S A LITTLE SECRET BETWEEN MOTHER AND MYSELF!

THERE WAS NO SOUND AS FRANK DUG IN... MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WAITED EAGERLY FOR THE VERDICT... A VERDICT THAT WOULD BRING FRANK'S HEART BACK TO DIANE!

WELL FRANK... HOW WAS IT? SHE A GOOD COOK?

NOT BAD... NOT BAD AT ALL! OF COURSE I'VE ***TASTED BETTER,*** BUT IT WAS ALL RIGHT!

THAT WAS THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK! MAYBE MAMA'S ADVICE WASN'T TOO GOOD... MAYBE SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO KEEP A MAN ... BUT ONE THING SHE DID KNOW WAS THAT FRANK HAD INSULTED HER COOKING! NO MAN COULD DO THAT!

NO MOTHER... NO! ***DON'T!***

WELL YOU WANTED MY ADVICE, DIDN'T YOU! AND I GAVE IT TO YOU... ***THE ONLY WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH!*** HERE, TAKE IT!

THE END

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THE PRINTED WORD CONJURES UP EXCITING SCENES IN THE READERS MIND! THERE ARE OTHERS WHO CLAIM THE PRINTED BOOK CAN GIVE LIFE TO ITS CHARACTERS... IF VIVIDLY WRITTEN... BUT DAVID MURDOCK FOUND ONLY APPARITIONS OF HORROR IN THE DEATH-SHADOWED PAGES OF HIS STOLEN

BEST SELLER!

DAVID'S AMBITION WAS TO BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER... BUT YEARS OF HEART-BREAKING TOIL HAD EARNED HIM...

REJECTION SLIPS! ONLY REJECTION SLIPS!

ANOTHER REJECTION SLIP! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW, DAVID! WHY CAN'T YOU WRITE ANYTHING THAT SELLS... I'M FED UP!

I DO MY BEST, JANE!

YES, BUT NOBODY BUYS IT! BERT DEVLIN NEVER GETS REJECTION SLIPS! HE SELLS EVERYTHING HE WRITES! WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE HIM!?

BERT AGAIN! YOU'RE ALWAYS THROWING HIM UP TO ME! HE'S JUST A LUCKY HACK! I CAN'T WRITE THE TRASH HE SELLS!

AT LEAST HE MAKES MONEY! YOU'RE A FLOP! MAYBE YOU LIKE STARVING, BUT NOT ME!

Dark Mysteries #12, June 1953. Art: Hy Fleischman. Publisher: Master Comics.

DARLING! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! I'LL...

I'M THROUGH, DAVE! LOOK ME UP WHEN YOU'RE AS SUCCESSFUL AS BERT DEVLIN! GOODBYE!

DAVID WAS STUNG TO THE QUICK! A FEW NIGHTS LATER HE SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE AND

I'LL GO SEE BERT! HE'S MY BEST FRIEND! HE'LL HELP ME WRITE SOMETHING THAT SELLS!

AS DAVID APPROACHED BERT'S APARTMENT HOUSE...

THERE'S BERT! AND JANE! MY BEST FRIEND, HUH! I'LL KILL HIM FOR THIS! JANE IS MY GIRL!

DAVID MADDENED BEYOND ALL REASON, HAD A WILD PLAN! HE GRABBED A TAXI AND DECIDED TO VISIT HIS FRIEND, DR. WONG, IN CHINATOWN!

WILSON AND BROAD! HURRY!

215 TRUNKS 10

YES SIR!

WELCOME, DAVID MURDOCK!

MY HAPPINESS IS BEING RUINED! I NEED YOUR HELP, DR. WONG!

DAVID SHRANK BACK AS THE SINISTER DR. WONG SHUFFLED TOWARD HIM...

YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE FOR HELP!

YOU ENVY YOUR FRIEND BERT DEVLIN! HE HAS THE SUCCESS YOU DESIRE! AND NOW HE HAS JANE! THE GIRL YOU LOVE!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! HOW DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS? IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH, THEN TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO? I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING BUT...

...BUT MURDER? IS THAT WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND?

IT'S UNCANNY! YOU'RE READING MY MIND! I ONLY THOUGHT...

YOU ONLY THOUGHT TO TAKE BERTS PLACE IN LIFE./TO TAKE HIS FINISHED NOVEL FOR YOUR OWN... AND WIN BACK JANE! WHAT IS IT WORTH TO YOU TO DO THIS?

TELL ME HOW AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT!/

DOCTOR WONG LED DAVID TO THE BACK OF THE SHOP, AND...

HERE ON THIS SHELF OF FATAL POTIONS IS YOUR ANSWER! DO AS I SAY AND HE'LL DIE IN AGONY!

BUT I HAVE NO MONEY./I CAN'T PAY YOU!/

CONCENTRATED SCORPION POISON

LOCKJAW VIRUS

THEN YOU MUST WRITE ME INTO THE BOOK./ YOU MUST DESCRIBE ME WELL, AND I MUST HAVE HALF OF ALL YOUR PROFITS! DO NOT TRY TO CHEAT ME!

I PROMISE./

THE NEXT MORNING, DAVID CALLED ON BERT...

WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT SO EARLY IN THE DAY?

THERE, I'VE INJECTED THE LOCKJAW VIRUS IN HIS SHAVING CREAM!

I-I NEED HELP, BERT, ON MY NEW MANUSCRIPT./

I WANT TO BE A SUCCESS LIKE YOU, BERT! GIVE ME SOME ADVICE! TEACH ME TO WRITE... LIKE YOU!

THAT'S MY NEW NOVEL, BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU NOW! I'VE GOT TO SHAVE AND KEEP A LUNCH DATE!

YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH JANE! BERT, SHE'S MINE! LEAVE HER ALONE!

YOU'RE A FOOL, DAVID! SHE DOESN'T WANT A BROKEN DOWN WRITER LIKE YOU! JANE LIKES SUCCESS LIKE ME, NOT FAILURE LIKE YOU!

ENRAGED, DAVID GRABBED BERT AND...

YOU RAT! I'LL...

OUCH, YOU CLUMSY OX! YOU MADE ME CUT MYSELF! NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND LET ME ALONE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, BERT STUMBLED OUT INTO HIS SWANK LIVING ROOM...

I'LL GET OUT, BERT! I HAVE WHAT I CAME FOR! THIS! YOUR FINISHED MANUSCRIPT!

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T TAKE ...FEEL SO STRANGE! CAN'T TALK... MMMFFF!!

AND SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR, A DYING MAN...

YOU CAN'T STOP ME! NEVER AGAIN! FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO BE THE SUCCESSFUL ONE! AND YOU'LL BE DEAD!

DAVID WORKED HARD KEEPING THE FIRST PART OF HIS BARGAIN! HE FINISHED THE STOLEN MANUSCRIPT...AND PUT WONG INTO ITS STORY!

THAT WAS A STRANGE REQUEST OF WONG'S! TO BE WRITTEN INTO THE BOOK! WELL, I'VE DONE IT! IT EVEN IMPROVES THE BOOK!

WEEKS PASSED...AND THEN ONE DAY DAVID WAS CALLED TO THE OFFICE OF ALAX PUBLICATIONS...

I LIKE YOUR BOOK, MURDOCK! GOT THE MAKINGS OF A BEST SELLER! WE'RE GOING TO PRINT IT! HERE'S YOUR ADVANCE!

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS! THANK YOU, SIR!

BUT MONEY MADE DAVID "FORGET" THE SECOND PART OF HIS BARGAIN WITH WONG!

I'M A SUCCESS AT LAST! I'D BE A FOOL TO GIVE WONG ANY OF THIS MONEY! HE'LL NEVER KNOW, BUT I'LL MAKE SURE!

ALAX PUBLICATI

THAT NIGHT, DAVID VISITED WONG!

YOU HAVE COME TO PAY ME HALF OF YOUR ADVANCE, DAVID!

HOW DID YOU KNOW...YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, YOU OLD DEVIL! WHY SHOULD I PAY YOU? I KILLED BERT! WHAT DID YOU DO?

I SHOWED YOU THE WAY AND YOU AGREED TO GIVE ME HALF THE PROFITS!

BUT THIS IS MY MONEY! MORE MONEY THAN I'VE EVER HAD! I CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU! IT'S MINE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! PAY ME DAVID! NO ONE CHEATS DR. WONG!

YOU AGREED! YOU MADE A BARGAIN!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, DAVID SILENCED THE SCREECHING VOICE THAT DEMANDED A SHARE OF HIS SUCCESS...

I'LL GET PAID... AAAAAGGHH!

WEEKS LATER DAVID REVELED IN HIS STOLEN LUXURY...

THIS IS THE LIFE! A SWELL PENTHOUSE! NEW CLOTHES, AND NOW YOU'VE PROMISED TO MARRY ME JANE!

YOU'VE MADE ME SO HAPPY!

THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! I'LL GET DRESSED AND WE'LL DO THE TOWN! CARE TO LOOK OVER MY NOVEL THE WHILE?

WONDERFUL IDEA! HURRY UP AND GET READY AND I'LL READ A LITTLE! I'M DYING TO SEE WHAT YOU SOLD!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, HONEY?

TERRIFIC, DAVID! WHERE DID YOU EVER DREAM UP THIS HORRIBLE DOCTOR WONG CHARACTER! HE'S SO GRUESOME HE FRIGHTENS ME!

AS JANE READ ABOUT WONG, THE ROOM FILLED WITH A MURKY EVIL SMELLING CLOUD! SUDDENLY, FROM THE PRINTED PAGE SPRANG AN ORIENTAL FIGURE...

HELP, DAVID AIEEEEK!

AS JANES SCREAM RENT THE AIR, DAVID SPRANG INTO THE ROOM TO SEE...

DOCTOR WONG! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD!

YOU CAN'T KILL ME, DAVID MURDOCK! AS PART OF YOUR BOOK I WILL LIVE FOREVER!

WHO IS HE? WHAT DOES HE WANT!

I WANT MY FEE! DAVID, YOU MADE A BARGAIN WITH ME FOR MY HALF OF EVERYTHING YOU GAINED FROM MURDERING BERT!

WHAT IS HE SAYING, DAVID? MURDER? YOU KILLED BERT?

I SAID HALF OF EVERYTHING, DAVID, BEGINNING WITH THIS!

R.I.P!

MY MANUSCRIPT! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU FIEND!

AND NOW THE GIRL! YOU WON HER WHEN YOU KILLED BERT! I'LL TAKE HALF OF HER AS PART OF THE BARGAIN!

WONG PASSED A KNIFE BEFORE JANE AND THE LIVING JANE BECAME TWO HALVES!

MAKE HER WHOLE! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING, WONG! ONLY GIVE HER BACK TO ME!

HA! HA! DAVID, YOU MADE A BARGAIN AND YOU TRIED TO CHEAT.

AAAGGH

HORROR-STRICKEN, DAVID FLED FROM WONG AND THE SCENE OF DEATH!

TOO LATE! DAVID, YOU WAITED TOO LONG AND YOU WERE TOO UNWILLING TO PAY YOUR DEBTS!

EEEAHH

WONG TOOK HIS HALF OF JANE AND DISAPPEARED, AS DAVID FELL TO HIS DEATH!

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY FOUND THE DEAD JANE... BUT ONLY HALF OF HER!

THERE'S ONLY HALF A BODY HERE! WHERE IS THE OTHER HALF!

MOST SHOCKING CRIME I'VE EVER SEEN!

THE END!

DEATH of a DOLL!

GREETINGS, ALL YOU DEAR, DELIGHTFUL READERS! SO NICE KNOWING YOU -- BECAUSE SOME DAY I'M GOING TO KNOW YOU **BETTER!** YOU SEE, I'M DEATH'S ASSISTANT -- BUT FRIENDS LIKE **YOU** CAN JUST CALL ME **THE CORPSE-MAKER!** IT'S A BUSY LIFE, GOING HITHER AND YON, AND WHISPERING INTO HUMAN EARS THE SUGGESTIONS THAT LEAD TO **MURDER!** AND AS YOU MAY GUESS, I'VE MANY A BLOODY TALE TO TELL! SO IF YOUR SPINE TINGLES DELICIOUSLY TO **HORROR** -- TO SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT AND STORIES OF STRANGE SLAUGHTER -- THEN JOIN YOUR OLD CORPSE-MAKER IN THE BLOOD-BATH WE'LL CALL -- **"DEATH OF A DOLL!"**

*"POOR **HAROLD HONEYWELL** -- IT WAS REALLY A **SHAME,** THE WAY HIS RELATIVES REACTED TO THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF HIM --"*

THERE -- THERE COULDN'T BE ANYTHING LIKE **THAT** IN THE HONEYWELL FAMILY! THERE MUST BE SOME **MISTAKE!**

OH, NO -- **NO!**

*"**HAROLD WAS** A MISTAKE, ALL RIGHT -- BUT THERE WASN'T ANYTHING THEY COULD DO ABOUT IT! LEARNED SPECIALISTS EVERYWHERE GAVE THEM THE SAME ANSWER --"*

I'M SORRY! OUTSIDE OF THE -- ER -- **OBVIOUS** IMPAIRMENTS, IT -- THE CHILD, THAT IS -- SEEMS HEALTHY ENOUGH! THERE'S NO REASON TO THINK IT WON'T **LIVE!**

THAT'S -- WHAT WE WERE **AFRAID** OF, DOCTOR!

*"AND SO THE BABY GREW OLDER! HE WAS NEVER REALLY HAPPY! THE TROUBLE WAS THAT PEOPLE WERE **SQUEAMISH** --"*

I -- I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS! HE MAKES ME WISH I COULD MIX **POISON** WITH HIS PABLUM!

*"THERE WERE LUXURIES APLENTY AS HIS UPBRINGING CONTINUED, BUT THAT DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD! IT **WOULDN'T** -- FOR ANYONE LIKE **HAROLD!**"*

I -- I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO REMOVE HIM FROM THIS SCHOOL, MR. HONEYWELL! IT ISN'T ONLY **PHYSICALLY** THAT HE'S WARPED, BUT -- WELL, **GET HIM OUT -- THAT'S ALL I ASK!**

The Clutching Hand #1, July – August 1954. Art: John Rosenberger. Publisher: ACG.

"THE LONG YEARS PASSED, THE PARENTS DIED, AND HAROLD HONEYWELL CAME INTO HIS INHERITANCE--"

--ALL IN ALL, YOU GET ABOUT 6 MILLION DOLLARS! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, FOR SOMEONE LIKE--I MEAN--WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

PLANS? I'LL HAVE ENOUGH NOW TO GET EVEN WITH THE FOOLS WHO LAUGH AT ME! ENOUGH TO GET ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING I WANT--ENOUGH TO LIVE!

"FUNNY, WASN'T IT? YOU AND I WOULD WANT MANSIONS, YACHTS, JEWELRY! BUT NOT HAROLD! HE HAD SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND!"

NO NEED FOR PICTURES NOW! ALWAYS, WOMEN HAVE LAUGHED AT ME, SCORNED ME FOR A FREAK--BUT NO LONGER! THEY'LL WORSHIP ME, NOW THAT I'M RICH!

"BUT IT DIDN'T TURN OUT EXACTLY AS HE HAD PLANNED! POOR, POOR HAROLD HADN'T ENTIRELY REALIZED JUST HOW REVOLTING HE WAS!"

GO OUT WITH YOU? HA-HA!

YOU LITTLE MONSTER!

REPULSIVE DWARF!

GET OUT!

"THERE WAS YET ANOTHER WAY TO ACHIEVE BEAUTY, AND DESPERATELY, HE TRIED IT! HE BACKED A SHOW--AND FOR A WHILE, IT LOOKED AS IF IT WERE WORKING--"

WHY, MR. HONEYWELL, AH'D CONSIDER IT AN HONOR TO GO OUT WITH YOU!

YOU--WOULD? THANK YOU--THAT'S --WONDERFUL!

"AH, WHAT A COUPLE THEY MADE! BUT SOON HAROLD WAS SO HEAD-OVER-HEELS THAT HE COULDN'T HEAR THE LAUGHS--"

HAROLD--DAHLIN'! IT'S SO SWEET OF YO'-ALL TO DO THIS FOR PO' LITTLE ME--

THERE'S--NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU! YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL--

HA-HA! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO RIDICULOUS IN YOUR LIFE?

"HE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT IT WAS I, THE CORPSE-MAKER, WHO STEERED HIM TO HER DRESSING ROOM THAT FATAL NIGHT--"

WHAT IF HE IS JUST AN UGLY, REPULSIVE LITTLE DOLL--HE'S GOT THE DOUGH, HASN'T HE?

I MIGHT HAVE--KNOWN! AN UGLY, REPULSIVE LITTLE DOLL--BUT SHE'LL SOON FIND OUT I'M A DANGEROUS DOLL!

GET MY TECHNIQUE? BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHY THEY CALL ME THE CORPSE-MAKER? AH, I HAD LITTLE HAROLD SIMMERING WITH RAGE AND HATRED BY NOW! AND ALTHOUGH HE COULDN'T SEE ME, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT I WAS WHISPERING IN HIS EAR, WHISPERING OF REVENGE -- OF RED, RED BLOOD! SO HE WAITED UNTIL SHE WAS ALONE -- THEN FIXED HIS CRUEL LITTLE FEATURES INTO WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A WINNING SMILE --

YOU KNOW, I FEEL LIKE A DOLL ALONGSIDE YOU, MARILYN! -- SAY, LET'S PLAY A GAME! LET'S PRETEND I AM A DOLL -- YOUR DOLL! TAKE ME ON YOUR KNEE LIKE YOU WOULD YOUR DOLL -- WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT THE DIAMOND NECKLACE I SAW TODAY!

WHY, AH DECLARE -- WHAT A CHARMIN' GAME! SUPPOSIN' YO'-ALL COME RIGHT TO YO' MOTHER, LI'L DOLL'

WHOSE LI'L DOLL IZZUM? MAMA'S AFWAID YOU'RE NAUGHTY!

MAMA DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY --

NO -- NO -- DON'T --

BECAUSE SHE'S GOING TO BE PUT AT REST --

--FOREVER!

CRASH!

AH, YES -- IT WAS A LOVELY CORPSE I GAINED, READER -- AND I LOVE CORPSES! SO I KEPT ON WHISPERING TO LITTLE HAROLD, JUST AS I'M WHISPERING TO YOU! I MADE HIM SEARCH OUT ANOTHER VICTIM FOR HIS REVENGE CAMPAIGN! SHE WAS A GIRL WHO LACKED MONEY TO STUDY ART -- AND TINY MR. HONEYWELL WAS SO PHILANTHROPIC --

"-- THAT SHE WANTED TO REPAY HIM IN SOME FASHION! AND SO SHE FELL IN EAGERLY WITH ANOTHER OF HIS BLOODY LITTLE GAMES!"

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO THE ART STUDENTS' BALL, DAISY -- AND I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL IDEA FOR COSTUMES FOR BOTH OF US -- IF YOU'LL GO WITH ME, THAT IS!

I'D BE GLAD TO, MR. HONEYWELL! AFTER ALL, YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR ME!

FINE! NOW SUPPOSE YOU GO AS A CHILD-- YOUR INNOCENT BEAUTY WILL CARRY IT OFF SPLENDIDLY! AND TO CARRY ALONG THE ILLUSION -- I'LL BE YOUR DOLL!

WHY, HOW ORIGINAL! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

"GET THE STRATEGY? THAT 'DOLL' SLUR STILL RANKLED WITHIN HIM -- AND HIS TWISTED MIND MADE HIM SEEK REVENGE -- AS A DOLL! AND SO -- AT DAISY'S APARTMENT, JUST BEFORE THE BALL --"

OH, YOU'RE JUST WONDERFUL, MR. HONEYWELL! WE'RE BOUND TO GET THE FIRST PRIZE -- EVERYBODY'LL THINK YOU'RE REALLY A DOLL!

NO -- NO! HELP!

"WHEN THE POLICE INVESTIGATED --"

BLOODSTAINED DOLL'S CLOTHING -- BUT NO DOLL! I DON'T GET IT! NOBODY COULD WEAR CLOTHES LIKE THIS EXCEPT A DOLL -- OR A MIDGET, MAYBE!

MIDGET -- THAT'S IT! LISTEN, WHEN I INVESTIGATED THAT SHOW-GIRL MURDER A WHILE BACK, SHE'D BEEN SEEIN' SOME MIDGET NAMED HAROLD HONEYWELL! AND THIS HANDKERCHIEF -- IT'S INITIALED H.H.! I GUESS THAT'S ONE GUY IT WON'T HURT TO QUESTION!

HA-HA-HA! THE TOILS WERE CLOSING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AROUND SWEET, DARLING LITTLE HAROLD! IF ONLY HE'D KNOWN THAT THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY REAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM WHEN THEY ASKED, "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MARILYN MEAG'S MURDER? DID YOU KILL DAISY BERGEN?" BUT NO -- HE HAD TO GO AND PANIC --

YOU -- YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

QUICK -- AFTER HIM!

CRASH!

JUST LET ME HIT THE OPEN ROADS OUT OF TOWN, AND I'LL LOSE THEM --

WE'LL STOP HIM! AIM FOR HIS TIRES!

VOO-OOOOO

BAM! BAM!

WHAM

HALT-- OR WE'LL FIRE!

IF--IF ONLY I CAN GET OVER THIS FENCE--

"HE GOT OVER! ON THE OTHER SIDE WERE TREES, PATHS--AND A TARPAULIN-COVERED OBJECT THAT SEEMED TO OFFER A HIDING-PLACE--"

MAYBE--THEY WON'T FIND ME--IN HERE--

LISTEN TO THAT ROW--SOUNDS ALMOST *HUMAN*, DOESN'T IT?

HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT EVER SINCE HE LOST HIS FAVORITE TOY! BUT I GUESS IT'LL BE OKAY TO SHOW HIM AGAIN TOMORROW!

AI-EEEEEE

WONDERING ABOUT *HAROLD*, DEAR READER--AND THE HIDING PLACE HE CHOSE? OH, THAT'S THE LOVELIEST JOKE OF ALL--YOU'LL JUST *DIE* LAUGHING! REMEMBER THE TARPAULIN HE DISAPPEARED UNDER? LET'S TAKE A LOOK *BEHIND* IT--TOGETHER WITH THE CROWD THAT GATHERED NEXT MORNING TO GET A LOOK OF THEIR OWN!

"AS THE TARPAULIN DROPPED--"

OH, NO-- *NO!*

GREAT HEAVENS!

EEEEEE!

IT'S--*HORRIBLE!* M'GAMBO LOST HIS DOLL--AND NOW--*HE'S FOUND ANOTHER!*

The End

ANOTHER LOVE STORY... THIS TIME A WOMAN'S UNDYING LOVE FOR HER HUSBAND... A LOVE SHE WAS UNSURE OF... THAT SHE WANTED ALL FOR HERSELF... THAT SHE HAD TO HAVE! SELFISH? PERHAPS. BUT IT HAD TO BE THAT WAY...

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL!

TOM FEELINGS

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SURGEON OF CITY HOSPITAL WE MEET THAT WOMAN IN LOVE... AND THE MAN OF HER HEART. YES, BOTH ARE DOCTORS... SARAH AND JOHN HULL.

OH, DARN IT, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START ON THAT AGAIN ARE YOU! EVERY DAY WE GO THROUGH THE SAME ROUTINE! I TELL YOU, SARAH, IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES!

BUT I JUST WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME! YOU NEVER TELL ME THAT UNLESS I ASK YOU... WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING, DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, OF COURSE I LOVE YOU! THERE, I SAID IT, ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANT!

OF COURSE THAT'S WHAT I WANT... AND MORE! I WANT TO BE SURE THAT I HAVE YOUR LOVE... ALL OF IT! I MUST KNOW THAT YOUR HEART BELONGS TO ME... AND TO ME ALONE!

Mister Mystery #14, November – December 1953. Art: Tom Feelings. Publisher: Stanley Morse.

YOU USED TO LOVE ME LIKE THAT... WITH ALL YOUR HEART! AND I KNOW WHAT MADE YOU STOP... WHEN THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS MADE ME THE CHIEF SURGEON OF THE HOSPITAL INSTEAD OF YOU! YOU WANTED THE JOB SO BADLY AND WHEN I TOOK IT AWAY FROM YOUR LOVE TURNED TO HATE!

THAT'S NOT SO! OF COURSE I WANTED THE JOB, WHO WOULDN'T? BUT YOU'RE A BETTER SURGEON THAN ME SO YOU GOT THE JOB... BUT THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MY LOVE FOR YOU!

DON'T LEAVE ME, JOHN... SOB... SOB... I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I SAID... IT'S JUST THAT I WANT YOUR LOVE SO BADLY... ALL OF IT!

OH, DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU'VE GOT IT... NOW I'M GOING OUT, THERE'S SOMEBODY I'VE GOT TO SEE!

"NOW YOU SEE HOW DESPERATELY SARAH NEEDED JOHN'S LOVE... BUT SHE HAD TO HAVE ALL OF IT... 100% OF IT! SHE COULDN'T SHARE IT WITH ANYBODY! BUT JOHN WASN'T LIKE THAT... ESPECIALLY AFTER SARAH WAS MADE CHIEF SURGEON OF CITY HOSPITAL! THEN HE WAS ONLY TOO WILLING TO SHARE THAT LOVE..."

...AND WHEN HE LEFT SARAH HE RACED TO THE MEETING PLACE TO KEEP HIS TRYST WITH THE PERSON HE WAS SHARING THAT LOVE WITH... NURSE HELEN MICHAELS!

OH JOHN, DARLING... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR AN HOUR... WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG?

I COULDN'T HELP IT, BABY... QUICK INSIDE THIS DOOR, I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE ROOM THERE WAS LITTLE TIME FOR WORDS... ALL THE TWO LOVERS WERE INTERESTED IN WERE EACH OTHERS LIPS! FOR IN HELEN JOHN HAD AT LAST FOUND SOMEBODY HE COULD GIVE HIS LOVE WHOLEHEARTEDLY TO...

BUT OTHER EYES WERE INTERESTED IN THE EMBRACE... EYES WHICH SAW THE LOVE SHE WANTED SO BADLY BEING SHARED WITH ANOTHER!

NO... NO... NO... IT CAN'T BE!

SARAH TURNED AWAY FROM THE SMALL WINDOW... THE WINDOW THAT HAD WRECKED HER LIFE. SHE HAD SEEN WHAT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO SEE... SOMEBODY SHARING THE LOVE OF HER HUSBAND!

"AT LAST SHE HAD FOUND OUT, AND SARAH WAS NOT THE TYPE TO SIT IDLY BY AND LET SOMEBODY STEAL HER HUSBAND'S LOVE... SHE WAS GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! SHE HAD TO HAVE ALL OF THAT LOVE HERSELF..."

"...BUT WORK AT THE HOSPITAL MUST GO ON, AND LATER IN THE DAY WE FIND SARAH AND JOHN IN THE LABORATORY. SARAH'S MIND, HOWEVER, IS NOT ON THE EXPERIMENT BEFORE HER...BUT RATHER ON THE MAN WHO STANDS OPPOSITE!"

JOHN, LET'S STOP FOR A WHILE... THERE'S SOMETHING THAT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT... *I MUST TALK TO YOU ABOUT!*

OH NOT AGAIN... WHY CAN'T IT WAIT UNTIL AFTER WE'VE FINISHED IN THE LAB!

IT CAN'T WAIT... NOT WHEN I LOVE YOU SO MUCH! YOU MEAN SO MUCH TO ME... AND I WANT YOU TO LOVE ME THAT WAY!

BUT I DO... DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?

I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU, BUT I CAN'T! I WANT TO KNOW THAT ALL OF YOUR LOVE BELONGS TO ME... NOT JUST A PART OF IT! I WANT YOU WHOLE HEARTEDLY! I CAN'T SHARE YOU WITH ANYBODY... YOU'RE MINE, ALL MINE!

WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE ME THAT WAY... NOBODY CAN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS... AS A MATTER OF FACT, I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF YOU!

NO... NO... NO... SOB... SOB... YOU CAN'T MEAN IT!

CUT OUT THE CRYING, WILL YOU... IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES! LET'S GET BACK TO WORK... WE'VE STILL GOT TO FINISH THIS EXPERIMENT!

FOR A LONG MOMENT SARAH LAY ACROSS THE TABLE HYSTERICALLY... THEN THE COLD STEEL OF A TAPERING NEEDLE BROUGHT HER BACK TO HER SENSES... IT WAS THE ONLY WAY... IT HAD TO BE THIS WAY!

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU... ALL OF YOU... THEN NOBODY CAN!

WHAT THE... NO... *NO! DON'T!*

"THE SERUM SPREAD QUICKLY THROUGH JOHN'S VEINS AND HE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS! THE FIRST STEP OF HER DIABOLICAL PLAN HAD TAKEN PLACE... CALLING, ON A SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH THAT WELLED FROM WITHIN HER, SARAH DRAGGED THE HEAVY BODY TO THE OPERATING TABLE AND PLACED IT INTO POSITION... NOW SHE WAS READY TO CONTINUE WITH HER MAD SCHEME... A SCHEME THAT WAS TO MAKE SURE THAT SHE WOULD HAVE ALL OF HER HUSBAND'S LOVE!"

BUT THERE WAS SOMEBODY ELSE SHE WANTED IN ON THE PLAN... HELEN MICHAELS, THE PERSON WHO HAD STOLEN HER HUSBAND'S LOVE!

WILL YOU PLEASE COME DOWN TO THE DISSECTING LAB, NURSE? I NEED YOUR HELP ON AN EXPERIMENT!

DISSECTING LAB? ALL RIGHT... I'LL COME RIGHT DOWN, DOCTOR.

HELEN ARRIVED IN THE LAB AND HORROR LIT HER FACE AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETED HER EYES...

JOHN! NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?

I'M GOING TO SAVE HIS LIFE... I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO HELP!

HE USED TO LOVE ME VERY MUCH... THE WAY I LOVED HIM! THAT'S THE WAY IT HAD TO BE... ***ALL, OR NOTHING AT ALL!***

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DON'T BE A FOOL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STOLE HIS LOVE FROM ME... IF I CAN'T HAVE ALL OF HIS LOVE I DON'T WANT ANY OF IT! BUT I'M GOING TO SEE THAT HE GIVES IT ALL TO YOU... WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO HAPPEN TO YOU!

BUT HOW... WHAT ARE... ***NO! NO!***

IT'S THE ONLY WAY... YOU WANT HIS LOVE FOREVER, DON'T YOU!

HERE IS HIS HEART... ***IT BELONGS TO YOU AND NOW NOBODY CAN STEAL IT AWAY!***

THE END

ON THE WEIRD LITTLE HOUSE ON THE DEAD-END STREET, IN LONDON, LIVED THE OLD MAN KNOWN AS ... MR. MORD. IT WAS HIS GROTESQUE HOBBY WHICH BROUGHT THE INQUISITIVE NEWSPAPERMEN...A HOBBY WHICH SEEMED TO INDICATE THAT MR. MORD'S PREDICTIONS OF THE FUTURE HAD AN UNCANNY WAY OF PROVING...

DEAD RIGHT!

I'M SAM DRAKE OF THE HERALD-NEWS, MR. MORD ...HEARD A REPORT THAT YOU'VE GOT A STRANGE HOBBY WHICH MIGHT ENTERTAIN OUR READERS!

YES! COME IN, GENTLEMEN... COME IN! HEE HEE!

MY HOCUS-FOCUS MAN HERE IS KEN KARL. LIKE TO GET SOME INFORMATION FROM YOU, WHILE KEN SNAPS SOME PICTURES OF YOUR JOI...ER... HOME!

WE'D BE DELIGHTED, WOULDN'T WE, MEPHISTOPHELES? COME! HEE HEE!

Strange Suspense Stories #18, May 1954. Art: Steve Ditko. Publisher: Charlton.

THIS ROOM I CALL **HADES** ...*HEH HEH*... JUST A PRIVATE JOKE OF MINE. IN HERE YOU WILL FIND MY WAX REPRODUCTIONS OF THE NASTIEST MANIACS AND KILLERS OF CONTEMPORARY TIMES. ALL THE HEADS, OF COURSE, I FASHIONED WITH MY OWN HANDS!

HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!

THIS HEAD, FOR INSTANCE...ANGELA TRENT...ELECTROCUTED FOR THE MURDER OF TEN LOVERS! HERE IS BRENT HASTINGS, POISONED HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN...! MR. KARL... GO RIGHT AHEAD AND SNAP ANY PICTURES YOU DESIRE!

H-HUH? OH...YEAH... SURE!

I HAVE CAPTURED THE EVIL FACIAL CHARACTER OF EVERY KILLER OF CONSEQUENCE IN THE PAST 25 YEARS! **MR. KARL, STAY AWAY FROM THERE!**

I DON'T RECALL SEEING **THAT** FACE BEFORE, MR. MORD... OUTSIDE A ZOO! WHO IS HE?

A WORK OF IMAGINATION, YOU MIGHT CALL IT...YES, IMAGINATION... IT RELAXES ME — BUT COME...THERE ARE MANY MORE HEADS TO SEE!

HEH HEH!

I WANT A SHOT OF THAT GROTESQUE HEAD THE OLD IDIOT WORKED ON FOR RELAXATION! **GOOO!** KARL CAUGHT MY HIGH-SIGN...NOW TO DISTRACT MORD'S ATTENTION! — THIS KNIFE! — I GOT IT!

ABOUT THAT CREEP, MR. MORD, WHAT'S...**OWW!** THAT KNIFE...I-I'VE CUT MY HAND!

UGH...YOU'RE **BLEEDING!**

I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD! COME INTO THE NEXT ROOM...WE'LL BANDAGE THAT WOUND!

2

POP!

SAM GOT HIM OUT OF THE WAY...NOW TO GET THAT PICTURE — QUEER DUCK REVELS OVER DEPRAVED WAX HEADS...BUT THE SIGHT OF BLOOD MAKES HIM ILL! ONE MORE SHOT!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME AND COURTESY, MR. MORD...IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AND MEPHISTOPHELES!

WE HAVE ENJOYED YOUR VISIT, GENTLEMEN. PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOMETIME! HEE HEE!

WITH A FEELING OF DREAD, THE NEWSPAPERMEN HURRIED TO THE HERALD-NEWS' OFFICE, WHERE THE BIZARRE STORY WAS WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHS DEVELOPED. THE NEXT DAY...

THIS STORY LOOKS INTERESTING, BOYS...THIS OLD NUT'S QUEER HOBBY OUGHT TO MAKE A LURID 2-PAGE SPREAD, AND THESE PICTURES...BRRRR!

HERALD — NEWS

HERE'S ANOTHER, CHIEF...THE FINAL TOUCH TO THE YARN. IT'S HIS WORK OF IMAGINATION!

WE'RE RUNNING A NEWSPAPER...NOT A HORROR MAGAZINE! THAT THING RAISES GOOSE PIMPLES... 'SCUSE ME, BOYS!

RING

WHAT? SOME GOON WENT BERSERK — AXED HIS WHOLE FAMILY, IN RIVER PLACE! GET AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KILLER AND PLENTY OF GORY PICTURES — STEP ON IT, SAM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, A BLOOD-CHILLING SIGHT GREETED THE TWO REPORTERS

THIS KILLER IS SORT OF AN IMBECILE. THE FAMILY KEPT HIM LOCKED UP IN A ROOM, ALL BY HIMSELF! AN HOUR AGO HE BUSTED LOOSE AND WENT TO WORK ON EVERYBODY IN SIGHT WITH AN AX HE PICKED UP. THEY GOT HIM STRAPPED UP WAITING FOR THE NUT WAGON!

POP!

TELL ME THE TRUTH, BOYS...YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING AS HIDEOUS AS *HIM?*

G-GOOD LORD! THAT...THAT FACE...!

SAM DRAKE AND HIS PHOTOGRAPHER RACED FRANTICALLY ACROSS TOWN...AND SOON...

AH! THE JOURNALISTS HAVE RETURNED. IS THERE ANYTHING *I*...?

Y-YOU SURE *CAN*, MR. MORD! ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS...AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.

THIS PICTURE OF YOUR "IMAGINATION"...KARL SNAPPED IT WHILE I DECOYED YOU WITH THAT KNIFE-CUT! IT'S AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF A MANIAC WHO WENT BERSERK *THIS AFTERNOON*... BUT YOU DID IT *BEFORE THE MURDERS!*

POP

YOU *FOOLS*... YOU TOOK THAT PICTURE AFTER I WARNED YOU! NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR YOUR CURSED SNOOPING...BOTH YOUR LIVES WILL BE *FORFEITED!*

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, GRANDPOP! WHO THE DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?..SOME SORT OF OMNIPOTENT *DEVIL?*

A COLD, DEADLY SMILE CREEPS OVER MR. MORD'S FACE — HE RAISED HIS HAND — FLICKED HIS FINGER AND —

HEH HEH HEH

AIEEEEE!

BURN MY FACE, YOU OLD CREEP, I'LL TEACH YOU...

DIE, YOU MISERABLE OLD MADMAN! DIE!

DIE! DIE!

HEY!

POP!

THERE...THERE'S NO BLOOD FLOWING FROM HIS WOUNDS—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

T-THIS IS THE GREATEST SCOOP OF MY LIFE...PICTURES OF A MURDER BEING COMMITTED! I'LL MAKE ENOUGH DOUGH TO RETIRE!

KARL—TRYING TO RUN OUT ON ME, EH?

I-I WASN'T TAKING A POWDER ON YOU, SAM! HONEST, SAM I-I SAM!

YOU LIAR! YOU SNAPPED PICTURES OF ME KNIFING THE OLD DEVIL...YOU WERE GOING TO PEDDLE 'EM! THEY CAN'T HANG ME ANY MORE FOR TWO MURDERS THAN FOR ONE—CAN THEY, KARL?

NO-NO, SAM....

ARGHHHH!

YOU WANNA DOUBLE CROSS ME, YOU SLIMY SNAKE—A WAX BATH WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!

THIS IS LIKE A MAD, FOUL DREAM...YET IT'S HAPPENING! THE FURNACE ...A PERFECT PLACE TO GET RID OF THE BODIES! ASHES CAN'T TESTIFY IN COURT!

AAAIEE!

WHO'S THA—NO! IT—IT CAN'T BE—I KILLED YOU, I STABBED YOU TO DEATH! YOU'RE DEAD.

YOU'RE DEAD. YOU DEVIL!

HEE HEE HEE

STUPID MORTAL—I PREDICTED THAT BOTH OF YOU WOULD FORFEIT YOUR LIVES, AND I'M NEVER WRONG! HEH HEH!

HEE

HEH

WELL, MEPHISTOPHELES, DON'T YOU THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR MR. DRAKE TO MAKE A CONTRIBUTION TO OUR LITTLE COLLECTION?

HEE HEE!

NO! NO!

HEE HEE

AAAIEE

STRUGGLING WILL AVAIL YOU NOTHING, JOURNALIST... THAT BOILING WAX IS CLOGGING YOUR MOUTH AND BURNING YOUR FLESH ...IN ANOTHER MOMENT YOU WILL BE DEAD! HEH HEE HEE!

HEE HEE

HEE

ANOTHER MURDER ADDED TO MY MONSTROUS COLLECTION...THE HEAD OF THE CREATURE WHO DARED TO CALL ME DEVIL! IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT FOR A MERE MORTAL TO REALIZE WHO I ACTUALLY AM... HEE HEE HEE HEE!

The End

VEIN OF IRONY

A HIDEOUS SCREAM IN THE NIGHT... A GROTESQUE GLEAM IN A MADMAN'S EYES... AND THE SICKENING DRIP DRIP OF HOT BLOOD. AN ENCHANTING DISH TO SET BEFORE A THING! HEE HEE! THEN UNFOLD YOUR NAPKIN, DEAR READER, AND PARTAKE OF A BANQUET OF GORE AND VIOLENCE SEASONED TO THE TASTE OF ALL TRUE VAMPIRES!

The Thing

BOB FORGIONE

FOR DAYS, THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES HAD BEEN SCREECHING ABOUT A VAMPIRE-KILLER WHO STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN, ONLY TO DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT. AND THEN, IN A DISTRICT USUALLY DESERTED AFTER DARK, AN EVIL FIGURE STOOD POISED AND WAITING TO STRIKE...

GIRL COMING NOW.. HEH HEH... LOOKS LIKE AN APPETIZING SUBJECT!

EXCUSE ME M'AM. JUST GOT INTO TOWN AND I'M AFRAID I'M LOST. I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME HOW TO GET TO THE BRUNSWICK HOTEL...

W-WHA...? OH... YOU STARTLED ME, COMING OUT OF THE SHADOWS THAT WAY. BRUNSWICK, EH? NOW, LET'S SEE...

The Thing #8, May 1953. Art: Bob Forgione. Publisher: Charlton.

...YOU FOLLOW THIS STREET FOR TWO BLOCKS, TO THE TROLLEY LINE. THE CAR MARKED X-2 IS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

DIDN'T ANYONE EVER WARN YOU NOT TO TURN YOUR BACK TO A STRANGER? EXTREMELY RUDE...

IT'LL TAKE YOU TO...

AGHHH!

...MY NEXT VICTIM, YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY? QUITE RIGHT...ONLY I'VE FOUND HER *RIGHT HERE!*

POW

STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, M'AM! PLEASE JOIN ME IN A DELICIOUS FEAST...

N-NO... *YOU!*... YOU'RE THE VAMPIRE THEY'VE BEEN WRITING ABOUT...

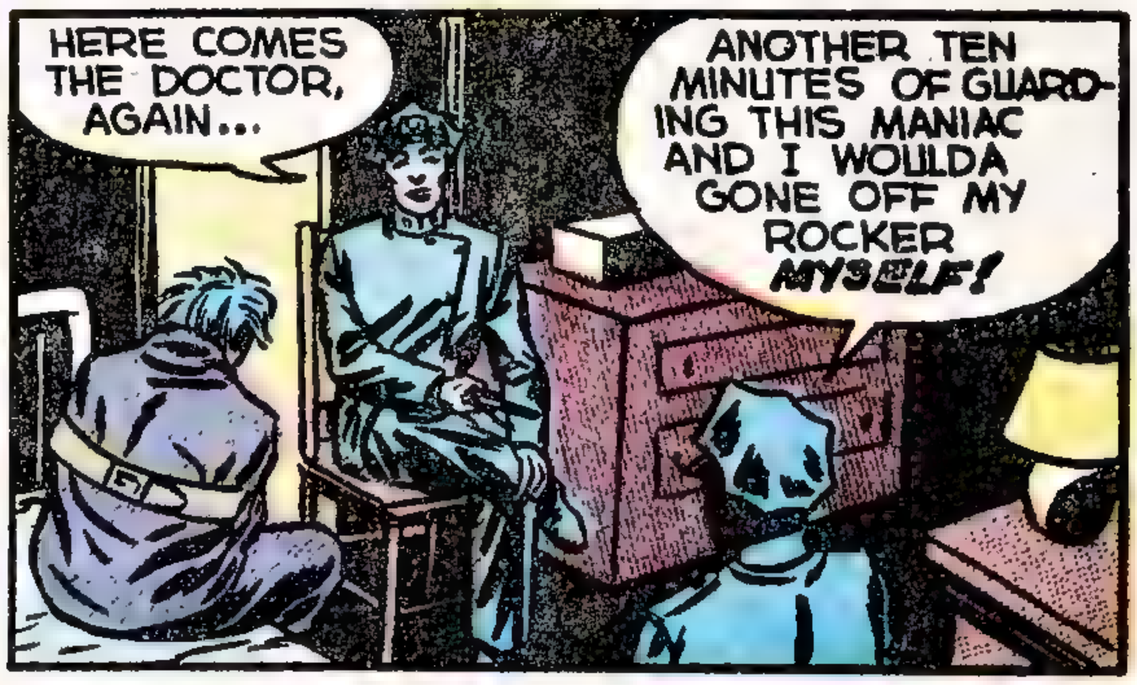
VERY PERCEPTIVE! NOT THAT IT'S GOING TO HELP YOU IN ANY WAY. WHEN I SIT DOWN TO EAT...

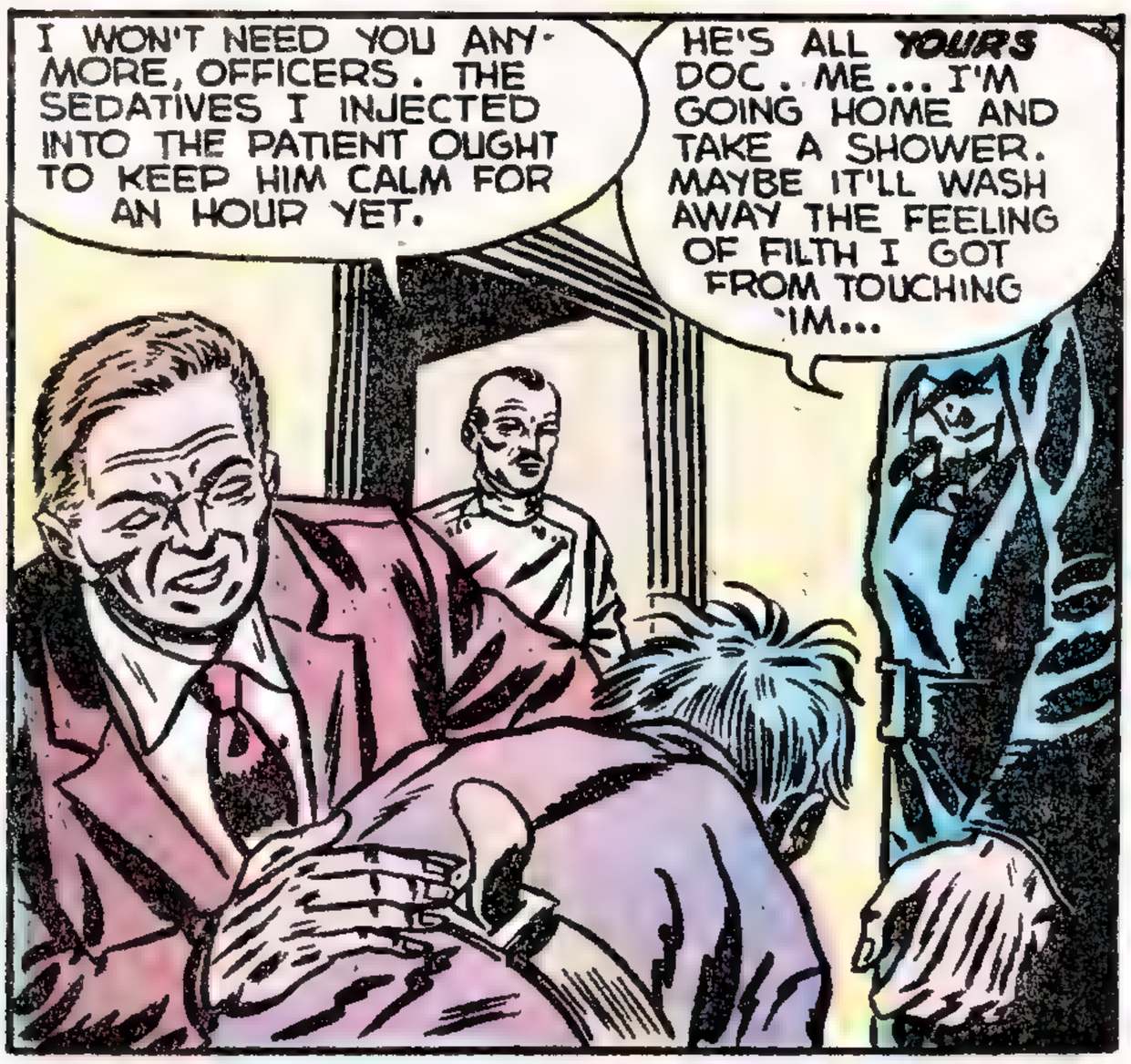
STOP THAT! ONE THING I HATE IS A RAUCOUS GUEST...

ARGHH!

THAT'S A LOT BETTER... JUST RELAX . AND LET ME DRINK MY FILL! A MAGNIFICENT POTION TO FLOW THROUGH THE VEINS OF SUCH A MEDIOCRITY AS YOU...

THE STRUGGLE WAS ONE OF WILD SAVAGERY, BUT THE POLICE SUCCEEDED FINALLY IN OVERPOWERING THEIR LOATHSOME VICTIM. THEN, HOURS LATER, IN THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL...




I WON'T NEED YOU ANY-MORE, OFFICERS. THE SEDATIVES I INJECTED INTO THE PATIENT OUGHT TO KEEP HIM CALM FOR AN HOUR YET.
HE'S ALL YOURS DOC. ME... I'M GOING HOME AND TAKE A SHOWER. MAYBE IT'LL WASH AWAY THE FEELING OF FILTH I GOT FROM TOUCHING 'IM...

HIS JACKET... I CAN MASQUERADE AS A DOCTOR IN IT! JUST WALK OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND ..HEH HEH... JUST LOSE MY-SELF IN THE CROWDS...

POW!

THEY PROBABLY WON'T DISCOVER MY ESCAPE FOR HOURS! ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO QUENCH MY THIRST AGAIN AND GET OUT OF TOWN! S-SOMEBODY COMING...

..I WANT YOU TO SEE THIS PATIENT IN ROOM 618. STRANGEST CASE WE'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED. PARTIALLY COMATOSE EVER SINCE THEY BROUGHT HIM IN... AND HIS BLOOD...

BLOOD, THEY SAID... JUST WHAT I NEED! AND THEY GAVE ME THE MOST IN-GENIOUS IDEA OF MY LIFE! NOBODY HERE RECOGNIZES ME... AND THE PATIENTS ARE TOO HELPLESS TO FIGHT BACK! A WONDER-FUL OPPORTUNITY...

...FOR ME TO KEEP REPLENISHING MY SUPPLY OF BLOOD, WHILE I MASQUERADE AS A DOCTOR! A GENUINE ***IN-SIDE*** JOB. HEH HEH! HERE'S THE ROOM THEY MENTIONED. ***618...*** YOU'RE ABOUT TO ATTEND A GRISLY FEAST!

IN FACT, 618, YOU ***ARE*** THE FEAST! BUT IN A MUCH MORE SCIENTIFIC MANNER THAN I'VE OPERATED HERE-TOFORE! SINCE I'M POSING AS A DOCTOR... I'LL ***BE*** ONE!

THIS WON'T HURT AT ALL, DEAR 618! YOUR BLOOD HAS BEEN HIGHLY RECOMMENDED... AND I MEAN TO MAKE A MEAL OUT OF IT! SO STOP THE THRASHING...

THERE... THAT'S BETTER! JUST REST AND LET THE BLOOD FLOW DELICIOUSLY INTO MY NEEDLE! IT'S A THERAPEUTIC STEP ...FOR *MY* BENEFIT!

A RUBY-RED FEAST FIT FOR AN EMPEROR! SEE HOW IT SPARKLES... SO MUCH MORE ENCHANTING IN THIS BOTTLE THAN CLOGGING IN THE VEINS OF A DYING WRETCH!

JUST IN TIME. HERE COME THOSE TWO QUACKS...

618

HERE'S THAT BLOOD CASE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT! BETTER ADJUST YOUR MASK...

WE HAVE TO TAKE THE ***STRICTEST*** PRECAUTIONS IN THIS CASE. FOR EVERY-ONE WHO COMES INTO CONTACT WITH THIS MAN'S ***BLOOD...*** EVEN MOMENTARILY... HAS DIED IN AGONY! IT'S THE MOST FRIGHTENING THING I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED! DON'T EVEN ***TOUCH*** THE MAN...

618

THEY... GLUG... DIDN'T EVEN ***SEE*** ME! I CAN GO ON EXTRACTING NOURISHMENT FROM THE PATIENTS FOREVER! THIS BLOOD... GLUG... IS ***DIFFERENT*** FROM ANY I'VE EVER TASTED BEFORE! SORT OF ...***NUMBING***...

THAT'S ONLY THE ***BEGINNING***, DEAR VAMPIRE! WAIT UNTIL THAT DOOMED TRICKLE SETTLES INTO YOUR CURSED STOMACH AND STARTS TO EAT THE LIFE OUT OF YOU! HEH HEH! REAL APPETIZING PROSPECT, ISN'T IT?

The Thing

THE VAMPIRE CAME LIKE A GLIDING SNAKE TOWARDS THE BOY PARALYZED WITH FEAR...
NEARER... NEARER... CLAWS OUTSTRETCHED... AN UNEARTHLY SMILE ON ITS INHUMAN FACE...
AND THEN THE BOY SCREAMED!
EEEEEEEE!
1

Tomb of Terror #16, July 1954. Art: Howard Nostrand. Publisher: Harvey Comics.

THE SCREAM REVERBERATED EERILY THROUGH THE FOREST, PENETRATING THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE SUMMER HOUSE NEARBY. IT BROUGHT OUT A YOUNG COUPLE INTO THE HALL-WAY WHERE THEY MET THEIR YOUNG SON RUSHING INSIDE...

MOMMY! DADDY! HE'S AFTER ME! THAT *GREAT BIG MAN* DRESSED IN *BLACK!* HE'S *AFTER* ME!

WHO'S AFTER YOU, BOBBY? WHAT'S *WRONG?*

HE CAME.. OUT OF.. THE *WOODS*. HE *WANTED*.. TO.. *EAT* ME! *DON'T* LET HIM *CATCH* ME, MOMMY! *I'M AFRAID!*

NOW, SWEETHEART. *NO ONE'S* GOING TO EAT YOU! YOU'VE JUST BEEN *IMAGINING THINGS!* THE YARD'S *PERFECTLY* SAFE! THIS IS YOUR *HOME*, BOBBY!

BUT... I *SAW* HIM, MOMMY! I SAW... THE *VAMPIRE!* HE SNARLED AND GROWLED AT ME! I SAW HIM! LOOK... HE SCRATCHED ME!

YOU'VE BEEN SEEING TOO MUCH TELEVISION, YOUNG MAN! YOUR *IMAGINATION* IS GETTING OUT OF *HAND!*

UPSTAIRS TO BED, BOBBY. AND HURRY UP AND UNDRESS. I'LL BE UP TO *PUT SOME MEDICINE* ON THAT *CUT* OF YOURS. DON'T *TRIP* AND *HURT* YOURSELF NEXT TIME YOU *PLAY* IN THE YARD!

JUST AS I THOUGHT. NO ONE'S OUT HERE! HE WAS PROBABLY *FRIGHTENED* BY A... A *SHADOW!*

SO THE YOUNG COUPLE WENT TO BED AND SLEPT SWEET DREAMS. BUT THAT NEXT MORNING, SHOPPING IN TOWN, THEY CAME ACROSS *MURDER!*

WHO DID IT? IT'S *HORRIBLE!*

DON'T KNOW, STEVE. BUT *PEOPLE* HERE *BELIEVE* A *VAMPIRE* DID IT!

POL

7

A... VAMPIRE? ARE YOU *KIDDING?!!* THAT'S THE *MOST FANTASTIC* THING I EVER *HEARD!*

JUST THE SAME, WE'RE GOING TO *CATCH IT*... OR... THE *MURDERER!* *RUMORS OR NOT*... *WE'RE OUT* FOR THE DEVIL!

THE SEARCH BEGAN. IT LASTED ALL THAT DAY AND AFTERNOON AND EVENING. INSIDE THEIR HOUSE THAT NIGHT WERE TWO WORRIED PARENTS LOOKING DOWN AT THEIR RESTLESS SON SLEEPING IN HIS BED...

HE'S BEEN TOSSING AND TURNING ALL NIGHT! HOW'S THE SCRATCH?

ALMOST GONE! THIS IS CRAZY, STEVE. I WON'T HAVE YOU JOINING IN THE SEARCH!

BUT THE YOUNG FATHER WASN'T TO BE STOPPED. LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE BAND OF GRIM TOWNSMEN ROAMED THROUGH THE FOREST, EACH HOLDING HIS TORCH AND GUN READY...

JED SMITH *MADE* US ALL SOME *SILVER* BULLETS. THAT'S THE *ONLY THING'S* GONNA *KILL A VAMPIRE!*

LOOK... LOOK THERE!

THE... VAMPIRE...!

GO AHEAD... *SHOOT! SHOOT!!!*

BLAM

P-CHWANG

WE *GOT* HIM... *NOW!* HE'S BEEN *HIT* IN THE *LEG! HURRY, BOYS!* GET HIM *WHILE* WE HAVE THE *CHANCE!*

BAM!

BAM!

THE EAGER, DETERMINED MEN CAUGHT UP TO THE WOUNDED CREATURE AND RAINED BLOW AFTER BLOW UPON IT. SINKING, GASPING, PANTING... IT CLAWED AT THEM... TO THE LAST!

FIRE! KEEP ON FIRING!

BLAM

AND SOON... IT WAS DEAD... A SICKENING, CLOYING LUMP OF A HORRIBLE PHENOMENON. THE MEN LOOKED DOWN AT IT, THEIR EYES BLAZING WITH AWE... AND FEAR...

GREAT SCOTT! I NEVER THOUGHT...! THAT IS, I... I NEVER *BELIEVED* VAMPIRES *EXISTED!* WHO... WHAT WAS IT? WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

WHO KNOWS?!! MAYBE FROM THE CRYPTS?!! THE *IMPORTANT THING* IS THAT IT *WON'T COME BACK* AGAIN!!

THE TOWNSMEN WENT BACK TO THEIR HOMES, BUT NEXT MORNING, THEY FOUND...

ANOTHER VICTIM! WE'VE BEEN ON THE WRONG TRACK! THERE'S A VAMPIRE LOOSE AMONG US!

MY WIFE...CHILD...ARE IN THE HOUSE...ALONE! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK!

BUT THE YOUNG FATHER DIDN'T RETURN UNTIL MIDNIGHT. JOAN LOOKED AT HIM STRANGELY, SOMETHING WAS WRONG...SOMETHING SHE DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND...

WHERE WERE YOU ALL THIS TIME? I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK!

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN? I WAS...JUST TAKING...A WALK! JUST...DOING A LITTLE THINKING! GO TO BED, JOAN.

JOAN WENT TO THE BEDROOM, CHANGED INTO A NEGLIGEE WHILE STEVE SHOWERED. SHE NOTICED HIS DESK DRAWER OPENED AND SAW THINGS THERE THAT MADE HER CRINGE...

GLOVES WITH DRIED BLOOD ON THEM...BOOK...ON VAMPIRISM..? IT COULDN'T BE..?!! LORD, NO!!

STEVE, RETURNING FROM THE SHOWER, WAS DEEP IN THOUGHT AS HE DONNED PAJAMAS. HE GULPED AS HE SAW HIS WIFE'S FACE, FEELING A CLAWING SENSATION AS BOTH SAT ON THE BED'S EDGE...

HER SHARP NAILS... HER OVERLY RED-MOUTH..! IT COULDN'T BE..?!! LORD, TELL ME IT COULDN'T..!

AND MEANWHILE...IN ONE OF THE DARK ALLEYWAYS OF TOWN, THE VAMPIRE STRUCK!

AIIEEEEE!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

THE KILLINGS GREW MORE BOLD... MORE CUNNING. THE SEARCH CONTINUED AND FEAR...DEADLY FEAR TOOK HOLD OF THE YOUNG PARENTS' HEARTS...

WE'RE LOCKING YOUR ROOM-DOOR, BOBBY. YOU'RE NOT TO COME OUT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES! IS THAT CLEAR?

YES, MOMMY!

FOR JOAN AND STEVE, A CRYPT BECAME MORE THAN A RESTING HOME FOR THE DEAD! IT BECAME A BREEDING PLACE FOR THE VAMPIRE, ONE THAT HAD TO BE INVESTIGATED! WHILE THERE...

THIS CRYPT IS EMPTY! LET'S GO HOME STEVE. I'M... FRIGHTENED!

ALL RIGHT!

THE CRYPT OFFERED NO EXPLANATION, UNCOVERED NO VAMPIRE. THE NEXT AFTERNOON, STEVE SAW HIS WIFE RETURN FROM A FEW HOURS' GARDENING. SHE BLUBBERED FLIMSY EXCUSES FOR SOME BLOOD ON HER DRESS...

I *SCRATCHED* MYSELF ON THOSE *ROSE THORNS!* HOW... *CLUMSY*... OF ME!

NEVER HAPPENED... BEFORE!!

AND THAT NIGHT, STEVE AWOKE ...TO FIND HE WAS ALONE...THE RUFFLED SHEETS STILL WARM...THE CURTAINS FLUTTERING FROM AN OPENED WINDOW...

SHE'S...*GONE!* *NO*, JOAN... IT...IT *COULDN'T* BE... *YOU!*

QUICKLY DRESSING, HE WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT. SOFT BREEZES MOANED BY. HE CAREFULLY MADE HIS WAY TO THE CRYPT...

JOAN... DON'T DO ANYTHING..!

HE ENTERED THE CRYPT, FEELING SWEAT BEADS ON HIS FOREHEAD. SUDDENLY, HE WHIRLED. THE DOOR WAS OPENING...

WHO'S THERE? JOAN..? TH... THAT... YOU?!!

CREEEAAK

IT WAS HIS WIFE... AIMING A GUN AT HIS HEART...SPEWING VENOMOUS WORDS...

IT... IT WAS... *YOU!* YOU'RE... THE VAMPIRE! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, STEVE!

NO, JOAN, I THOUGHT *YOU* WERE..!! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!

SUDDENLY THEY HEARD THE NOISE!

YOU'RE... BOTH... WRONG!

CRE-E-E-A-K-

I'M...THE... VAMPIRE!

AND THERE STOOD THEIR SON -- THE *ONE* PERSON NO ONE HAD BOTHERED TO SUSPECT -- THE *ONE* PERSON SCRATCHED AND CHANGED INTO A BEAST THAT VERY FIRST NIGHT -- THE ONE PERSON WHO HAD BEEN TAGGED AND NOW WAS -- *IT!*

THE END

THE BODY MAKER

OUT OF PAST EVIL COME THE SHADES OF FOUL TERROR, MORE HORROR-RIDDEN THAN ROTTED SIN! BUT BLACK CREATION WAS NOT KNOWN UNTIL A WARPED MIND JOINED A TWISTED PAST AND BEGAN TO CREATE LIFE!!!.....

THIS CURSED FACE! ALWAYS IT HAS BEEN THIS WAY!... ALWAYS!

NEVER COULD I KNOW THE FRIENDSHIP OF MAN... OR THE LOVE OF WOMAN! CHANGE...CHANGE!... IT *MUST* CHANGE! EVEN *I* MUST HAVE *LOVE!*

Black Cat Mystery #39, September 1952. Art: Warren Kremer. Publisher: Harvey Comics.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN CREATED LIFE...A HIDEOUS LIFE... HIS SECRET LIES HERE... BUT I SHALL USE IT TO CREATE BEAUTY!

THE PERSONAL PAPERS OF DR FRANKENSTEIN

IT IS TIME !!! I FEEL YOUR PRESENCE FRANKENSTEIN... YOU CALL AND I HEAR! I SHALL CREATE AS YOU WOULD HAVE WISHED!

WHAT I CAN NOT HAVE I WILL CREATE! I HAVE BEEN DENIED BEAUTY... HA-HA... I WILL CREATE BEAUTY NEVER BEFORE DREAMED OF!

SUZANNE TAYLOR OWNER OF WORLD'S MOST PERFECT LEGS NOW APPEARING IN PERSON AT GLOBE THEATRE

HARD STEEL...TO KILL...AND TO *CREATE!*

SOON, NOW, SOON! *SOON!*

OBE

His twisted mind seething with murderous thoughts Dr. Payn stalked out into the night...

WHA...WHAT... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT!

48J

NO!...NO! DON'T... PLEASE DON'T ARRRGHH!

YOU ARE TOO USEFUL TO ME...TOO BEAUTIFUL... TO LIVE!

PERFORMING HIS DEED OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR, DR. PAYN SCURRIED OFF CARRYING HIS *GHASTLY BURDEN!*

PERFECT... PERFECT!

SON

...TOMORROW... THERE WILL BE MORE, MY LOVE... AND THE NEXT DAY!...AND THE *NEXT!* HEE HEE HEEEE

EXTRA! EXTRA! BUTCHER-KILLER AT LARGE!

MANIAC KILLER

MANIAC KILLER

MANIAC STILL ON BEING SOUGHT!!

GET THAT MANIAC...OR WHATEVER HE IS... BEFORE THIS CITY IS THROWN INTO A **COMPLETE PANIC!**

WHEW! GET HIM, HE SAID! BUT ***WHO*** IS THE KILLER...WHAT IS HE?

POLICE COMMISSIONER

DETERMINED TO CREATE THE PERFECT WOMAN WHO WOULD LOVE HIM ALONE, DR. PAYN, WENT ON A MAD RAMPAGE OF MURDER!

HARDWA

MURDERER STILL AT LARGE

I'M WORRIED...MY OWN WIFE MAY BE NEXT...NO BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS SAFE!

THAT FIEND IS STILL LOOSE, HONEY! YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL! WHATEVER HE IS, HE MAY STRIKE ANYWHERE!

DON'T WORRY SO, DARLING! I'LL ONLY BE OUT FOR A MOMENT, TONIGHT! I RECEIVED ANOTHER MODELING JOB FROM A HAND LOTION CONCERN.

MANIAC KILLER

I SHOULDN'T HAVE SOUNDED SO CONFIDENT BEFORE, THIS DARK STREET... I'M... I'M SCARED!

KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN

BUS STOP

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! *KEEP AWAY!*

NOT MY HANDS! OH, NO, PLEASE NOT MY... OHHHHHH

LOVELY HANDS... SUCH LOVELY HANDS: DR. FRANKENSTEIN IS PLEASED! I FEEL IT! TONIGHT ALL IS COMPLETE! TONIGHT *SHE* WILL *LIVE!*

NOW TO ATTACH THE ELECTRODES FIFTY THOUSAND VOLTS PLUS THE CHEMICAL ELEMENT! BUT YOU WON'T FEEL IT, MY LOVE, UNTIL... WHAT'S THIS?

...IN A MOMENT... IN A MOMENT I WILL BE ALONE NO MORE! AH, HA-HA, HA-HA...

DYED! THE ROOTS ARE BLACK! UGLY!...UGLY!...NO! YOU MUST *NOT* BE UGLY! YOU MUST BE *PERFECT!!*

WE MUST NOT DELAY THE CREATION ANY LONGER! THE HAIR MUST BE HAD TONIGHT... BLONDE HAIR... *PERFECT BLONDE HAIR!*

HAIR!! LOVELY, PERFECT HAIR!

THAT...THAT FACE! UGLY! ...NO!...

NO...NO!! EEEEEE

...SOFT, PERFECT HAIR!!

SIRENS! POLICE... SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN ME! BUT THEY ARE TOO LATE... TOO LATE...

RRRRNNNN

NAIL HIM, NICK... BLAZES! THE SHOTS SEEM TO GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM!

FOOLS!...FOOLS! ...THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! THIS BLASTED WIND... IT'S BLOWING THE HAIR AS THOUGH IT WERE ALIVE!

GLOBE THEATRE

NOW PLAY THE PERF WOM

THAT WIND IS... MY NECK...I'M CAUGHT...C-CAN'T BREATH!

NOW AYING THE ERFECT OMAN ASH HI

UGH! WHAT A SIGHT..! I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF THE MANIAC KILLER!

YEAH...SAY, WE BETTER CHECK WITH THE GLOBE ABOUT FIXING THAT SIGN...HANGING LOOSE LIKE THAT, IT COULD BE A PUBLIC MENACE...

NOW PLAYING THE PERFECT WOMAN SMASH

GLOBE THEATRE

THE END

JUNK-MAN'S TREASURE

YOU KNOW WHAT I HEARD, DANNY? HE'S LOADED! GOT LOTS OF DOUGH IN THAT SHACK OF HIS!

AH--YOU'RE NUTS! HE'S A JUNK MAN WHO LIVES LIKE A BEGGAR! DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR!

VB 46

YEAH? SPIV LOOKED THROUGH THE WINDOW ONE DAY AND SAW THE OLD MAN PUTTING SOMETHING IN A TRUNK-- WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S GOT IN IT-- OLD NEWSPAPERS?

MAYBE YOU GOT SOMETHING, CHET! I COULD BE WRONG! SOMETIMES THESE GUYS ARE MISERS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, DANNY! WE GOT TO TAKE A LOOK INTO THAT TRUNK!

COUNT ME IN, CHET-- WHENEVER YOU SAY!

TONIGHT! WE'LL DO IT TONIGHT! WE'LL SHOOT POOL UNTIL IT'S TIME!

Out of The Shadows #14, August 1954. Art: Rocke Mastroserio. Publisher: Standard.

LATER...

FINISH UP THE GAME, DANNY-- WE'LL GET TO WORK!

OKAY!

STILL ANOTHER HEADLESS CORPSE HAS BEEN FOUND! THIS MAKES THE SIXTH VICTIM OF THE SAVAGE KILLER WHO HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE THESE PAST WEEKS! POLICE HAVE NO LEADS!

I SURE GET THE WILLIES LISTENING TO THAT STUFF!

DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO IT-- WE'LL BE ON EASY STREET SOON!

THE LATEST VICTIM IS A WOMAN IN HER TWENTIES! THE POLICE DRAGNET IS NOW BEING SET UP!

THE TWO YOUTHS MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE JUNK-MAN'S SHACK THROUGH THE DISMAL, SORDID SLUMS OF THE CITY, OUT BY THE CITY DUMPS...

AAAA!

WHAT WAS THAT?

YOU'RE WORSE'N AN OLD WOMAN, DANNY! IT WAS ONLY A RAT, THAT'S ALL! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU!

I-I'M JUMPY--ALL THAT TALK ABOUT THE MANGLED BODIES GOT ON MY NERVES! MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T DO THIS!

YOU'RE TURNING CHICKEN--I GOT WAYS OF HANDLING GUYS LIKE YOU!

THIS'LL STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT!

OHHH!

DANNY! COME ON! WAKE UP! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU HARD! DANNY-- HE'S DEAD!

SO IT WAS AN ACCIDENT-- DANNY SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED YELLOW! NOW-- I'LL HAVE ALL THE DOUGH MYSELF-- I'LL COVER HIM UP IN THE DUMP! THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM!

SOON, CHET ENTERS THE SHACK...

AH, THERE'S THE TRUNK! DARK IN HERE... BETTER LIGHT THE LAMP!

ANOTHER COUPLE OF SECONDS AND I'LL HAVE IT!

THERE'S ANOTHER BOX IN HERE -- THE MONEY'S IN HERE I'LL BET..

IT'S OPENING!

YAAAAA!

WELL, LAD-- SO YOU FOUND MY TREASURE, EH? YOU'LL MAKE A FINE SPECIMEN FOR MY COLLECTION!

NO! PLEASE! NO! NO!

Daily Dispatch

KILLER STILL AT LARGE!

SEVENTH VICTIM OF HEADSMAN FOUND

The END

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE